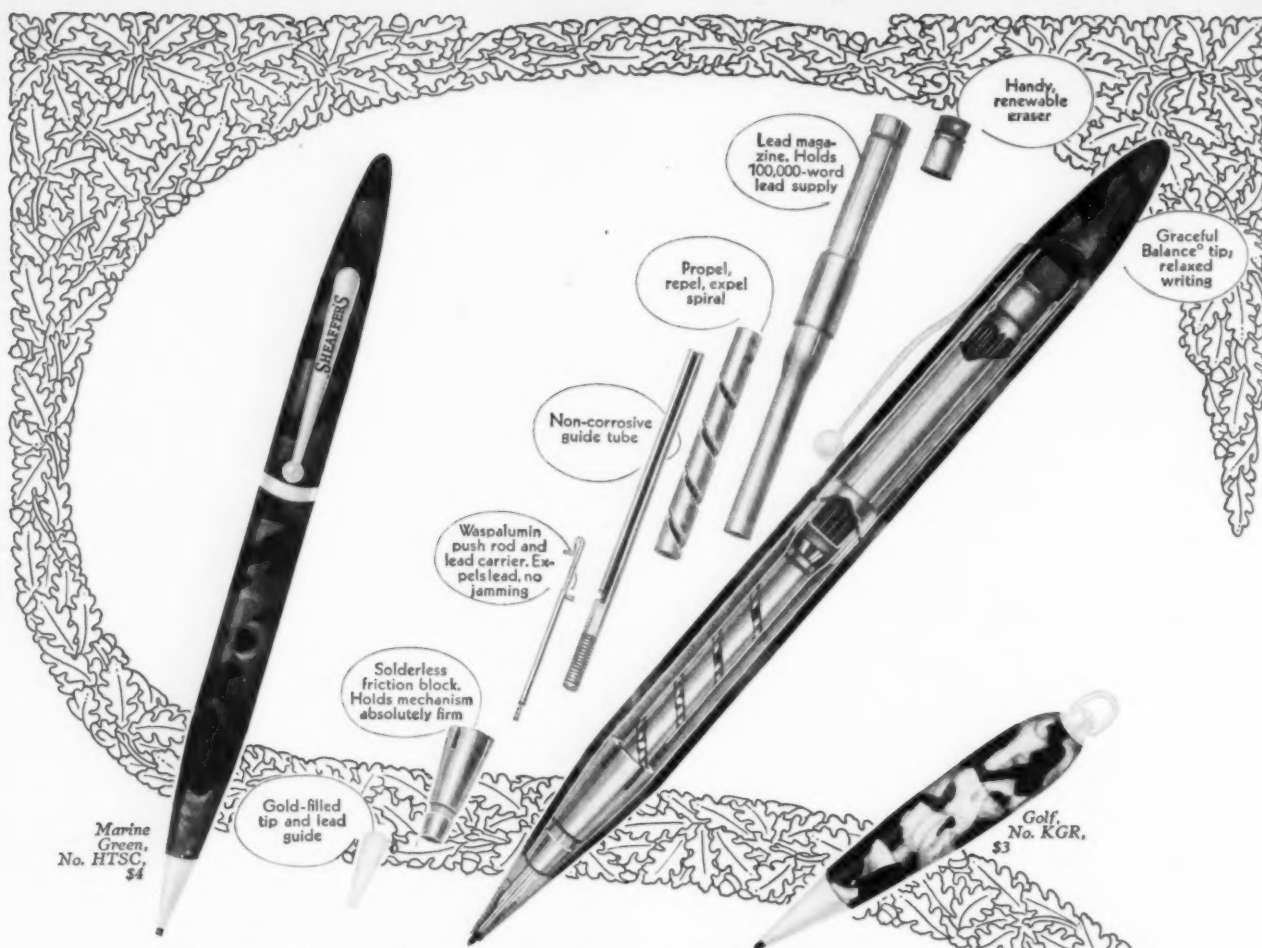


January 30  
1931

# Life

Price  
10 Cents





*The Balance° pencil—beautiful,  
rugged, precise—is Sheaffer's alone*

Lay aside your old flat-top pencil and rest a Sheaffer's Balance° pencil in your hand. You'll find that it rides your fingers seemingly without weight. Examine its mechanism—there is a distinct reason why it is the world's outstanding pencil. Wherever there is friction, Sheaffer uses non-corrosive Waspalum, whose tensile strength is extraordinary and whose cost is several times the cost of materials used in ordinary pencils. This is the reason for their faultless operation and their extra long life . . . the reason why Sheaffer outsells all others.

**AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE**

The ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen is Sheaffer's; do not be deceived! All pens are guaranteed against defect, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally against everything excepting loss for your lifetime. Jade Green and Jet Black Lifetime° pens, \$8.75; Ladies', \$8.25. Marine Green and Black-and-Pearl De Luxe, \$10; Ladies', \$9.50. Petite Lifetime° pens, \$7 up. Pencils, \$5. Others lower.

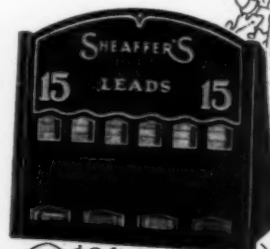
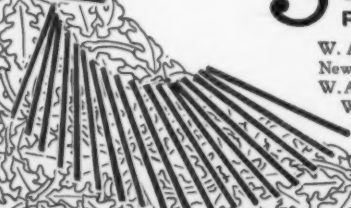
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18 sticks, Special HB  
BlueCap Leads, blacker,  
smoother, stronger. 15c.



Buy fresh, long-last-  
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—many colors—from  
this case at dealers.



January 30, 1931

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POETICAL PETE

*It's funny how successful folks,  
Although they're far from pliant,  
Are never stubborn or stiff-necked;  
They're simply self-reliant.*

## Our All-Opponent Bridge Selections

It has taken us a number of years, in which we have faced several hundred opponents, to assemble this all-star team, but now that we have it we are willing to stack it up against any other conglomeration in the world.

At South we place Sylvia, of Chicago. We've watched this game little girl in all kinds of weather and in all kinds of apartments, and in all that time we've never seen her take time out to complain about the temperature or the draught. A fifty-mile gale may blow through the open window directly on her back, or the room may register ninety in the shade, but Sylvia stays right in there, takes out the trumps, and never calls for assistance.

At North, George, of Rollo School of Nature. George has abnormally developed color sense. This counts in bridge, George never forgets which side deals with the reds, and which with the blues. Nearly everybody falls down once in a while, but this boy is in there with the goods. There's never even a dispute when he's in there calling them.

West goes to Len, of Naval Reserve, by a handsome margin. Len never attempts to mix drinks or empty ash trays unless he's dummy. And when he does—well, lightning doesn't compare. Four high balls all mixed, ice and all, before the eleventh card of the hand has been played out! Need I say more of an opponent who holds a record like that?

Lois, of Regent 5700, is East. Win or lose, she always has, in her immediate possession, the correct change down to the last nickel. Lois has never trusted anybody, and has never had to be trusted. Could there be higher praise?  
—Parke Cummings.

## Achievement

An Australian autoist, Norman Smith, hopes to attain a speed of 300 miles an hour. We understand if he succeeds he becomes an honorary mail truck driver.

## Insufficient Failure

More than half of those who tried to pass the bar examination in New York recently failed. This was not enough.



UMI O  
KOYTE

*From over  
the sea*

From over the sea  
Japan comes to greet  
you... offering the

services of the ASAMA MARU, CHICHIBU MARU, and TATSUTA MARU, the finest, fastest motor ships from the United States to the Empire of the Rising Sun. • In all that pertains to material luxury and comfort N. Y. K. ships are twentieth century and American. But the atmosphere of Oriental courtesy is Japanese. The 14 glorious days introduce you to many Japanese customs by the time you are ready to say "Ohio (good morning), Yokohama." They prepare you for a fuller enjoyment of your visit to the kingdom of chrysanthemums, temple bells, and the great Daibutsu. Fourteen days going and coming add almost a month to your trip to Japan!

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Magnificent staterooms and suites... swimming pool... gymnasium... wide decks... culinary seductions that would make a Puritan into a gourmet. Dancing, of course. English-speaking stewards and an office of the Japan Tourist Bureau on board. • Regular sailings from San Francisco and Los Angeles, first class \$300 up, cabin class \$250 up... from Seattle and Vancouver direct to the Orient on new cabin motor liners or all Tourist Cabin ships \$125 to \$250 up. For information, write Dept. 5.



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# LIFE'S Ticket Service

\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

\*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

## The Modern Dictionary

*Complacent, adj.* Blissfully ignorant of one's measure in the eye of another.

*Daedal, adj.* Of exceptionally intricate and confusing design, such as an embroidery pattern to a man or a check stub to a woman.

*Dietetics, n.* A perverted religion of mathematics. Its devotees, chiefly women, believe that nothing matters except the Figure. Its sacrifices consist of burnt offerings of bread, fruit juices and stomachs. Its temples are known as Sanitariums. Its high priest is Vanity, the vicar of the great god Skinniness. Its ultimate objective is the attainment of a state of perfect bliss called Pernicious Anaemia.

*Eclat, n.* Originally: notoriety, public exposure or scandal. Modernly: renown, glory, brilliancy of success. In other words, there has been practically no change in meaning.

*Economy, n.* A system of living designed to make a man wealthy, unhealthy and despised. Fortunately, the average American is prohibited from practicing it by the profligacy of his neighbors.

*Ecstasy, n.* The state of temporarily losing one's reason. Oddly enough, ecstasy is most frequently experienced by those who have the least reason to lose.

*Key, n.* A metallic instrument designed to be left in the other trousers before going out and locking the door.

*March, n. prop.* The month in which Spring is alleged to begin. It was so named because of the measured tread of armies of feet toward physicians' offices.

*Moustache, n.* A means by which the male of the homo sapiens is permitted to exhibit his vanity. Its use is the source of much amusement to those males who prefer to express their vanity by shaving it off.

*Solid, adj.* Substantial or respectable. It is used to describe one of the two main varieties of citizens of this country, the solid citizen, or consumer. The other variety is the liquid citizen, or bootlegger.

—Asia Kagowan.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## Life's Financial Litter

A review of the commercial conditions in the country during the past week is fraught with interest for the student (sophomore) of business. There is every indication that while a general regression continues in almost every line, American enterprise and initiative are leading the great industries of this country on to greater prosperity and power. (Ta-da-a-a)

The railroads seem to be the best off of any group just at this time. By the way, what time is it? Car loadings have shown an increase during the week of from 34,746,272 lbs. for the same period during 1926 or thereabouts, to 34,746,273 lbs. net for 1930. These figures do not include car loadings on the B. M. T. and the Sixth Avenue elevated.

The wheat situation can be explained in just three words, overproduction. The Montana farmers have been giving entirely too much thought to wheat and wheat has been pouring into the country from Russia and Poland with the Balkan countries still to be heard from. There just seems to be wheat everywhere. It looks as if this situation is going to be the exception that proves the rule and that we'll have our wheat and eat it too.

Shipping is good. At least it looked awfully good when I went down to see Aunt Minnie off for Europe last Tuesday. They were just as busy around that dock as anything. I got hold of one of the longshoremen who was working there and if anybody knows about ship loadings, Heaven knows, he should. "I suppose they keep you pretty busy," I said, drawing him out. Well, what he told me was plenty. Shipping's good, all right.

BURDETT GIBSON.

January 31, 1931.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters  
50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c Write Abbott's Bitters  
Baltimore, Maryland.



"Hey! Who are y' shovin'!"



# Life



*"Aw, gee ! An' just when the sleddin' was gettin' good."*

## The Check Book Mystery

MARTIN STOVALL, as was his custom on Saturday nights, stopped at Columbus Circle for an armful of magazines. He chose detective stories. The master minds would banish the worries of the week.

With the bundle tucked under his arm, he was crossing the street when twinkling bits of glass attracted his attention. Splinters from a smashed windshield. Real mystery. His excitement increased when a square object nearby proved to be a check book.

Later, in his apartment, he read the name: "Oliver Ward." Seemingly

Mr. Ward, whoever he was, had been in a wreck. The check book was lost when Mr. Ward transferred to another car.

It was of the three-checks-to-the-page sort, with alternating ruled pages for keeping accounts. Stovall opened to the first page and read: "Trinket for Alice, \$1,000; Yacht repairs, \$850; Wife, \$150." The balance at the bottom was \$280,000.

"Holding out on the wife," said Stovall. He donned pajamas and got in bed with the check book propped open before him. The magazines were forgotten. Here was a mystery more worthy of his attention.

Alice did not appear on the second page, nor on the third, but on the fourth was the record: "Trinket for Alice, \$1,250." Stovall turned the pages rapidly. "Trinket for Alice, \$800." "Alice, \$1,500." "Apt. rent for Alice, \$400." "Trinket for Alice, \$2,000." At last, following a deposit of \$100,000, he found: "Trip for Alice, \$10,000."

"Ward made a killing down in the Street and Alice got the trip she had been asking for so long," smiled the amateur detective.

He turned a page. The first entry brought him upright in bed. It read: "Trinket for May, \$1,000."

"The old trifter," grinned Stovall. He looked at the dates. Within twenty-four hours after Alice had left Ward had given May a present costing \$1,000. Or it might have been in cash. Stovall turned the pages. "Trinket for May, \$450." "May, \$750." "Apt. rent for May, \$300." If May only knew it the apartment in which Alice lived was \$400. "May, \$1,500." That was better. May was doing a little thinking.

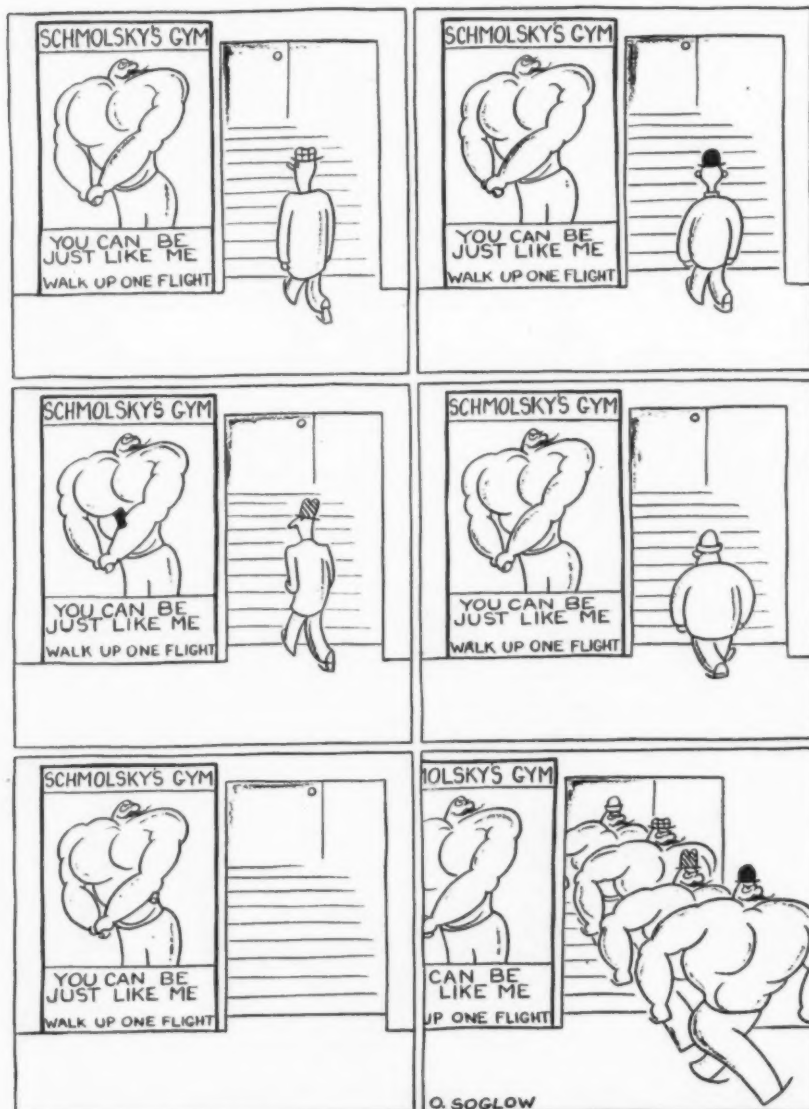
Stovall turned back to see how the wife was getting along. Not bad. The \$150 given her on the first page lasted four days. Then she returned and got \$250. Every four or five days the record gave her \$150 or \$250. That was doing nicely for a wife.

He thumbed the pages. The yacht was expensive. "Yacht crew, \$1,200." "Repairs for yacht, \$450." "Repainting yacht, \$900." "New engine for yacht, \$3,500." It was a sea-going yacht. "Repairs for yacht, \$675." What parties they must have held to bring on so many repairs!

Stovall grinned. First Alice. Then old man Ward made a killing down in the Street and sent Alice on a trip so he could take on May. That was the story of the check book. Stovall fell asleep.

He was awakened by the morning paper being shoved under his door. Across the front page ran the headline: "Oliver 'Hawk-Eye' Ward, Booze Baron, Taken for Ride." In smaller type: "Revenge for Recent Killing of Joe 'Little Alice' Almy, Say Police—Seek 'Foots' Mayhew."

—Tom Sims.





"Scuse me, Buddy, is this the bread-line or a run on a bank?"

### Snapshot

Why do I do this . . .  
And why do I do that . . .  
One would think  
I lacked a brain  
Underneath my hat!

Must I say the things I say?  
Need I act the fool?  
One would never  
Guess I'd spent  
All those years in school!

I ignore experience,  
Sneer at common sense . . .  
At the time  
I feel so wise,  
Though I'm being dense!

One should be quite hard to get,  
Distant and elusive . . .  
But my heart  
Turns over, oh,  
I can't be exclusive!

On a silver platter, I  
Offered him my heart!  
Stood and watched th'  
Damn'd thing break . . .  
Oh! Why can't I be smart!  
—E. L.

Miss Sally Pease and Ralph Morris  
have returned from a three week's  
honeymoon trip.

—California Newspaper.

Well, make up your minds.

### All He Needs Is Call Money

An article in the *Journal of Commerce* says that a good poker player can successfully run any business. But what does a good poker player need with a business?

### When To Strike A Happy Medium

HE: So you're a medium.

SHE: Yes, did I ever tell you about my apparition?

### Sewing Wild Oats

"What?" asks a visitor to New York, "is needle beer?" Well, you take a drink and they find you in a haystack.



MOVIE STAR (to his double): I just can't live without her—so you'd better take this way out of it all!





# Life Looks About

**T**HE Pope's Encyclical was quite simple, an assertion of authority, with citations from former popes and doctors of the Church, to effect that the control of marriage had been committed to the Church by the Founder of the Christian religion, and that nobody but heretics, unbelievers, scismatics and other bad eggs will dispute its control.

The Pope suggested nothing new about marriage; he simply reinforced what had been said about it fifty years before by Pope Leo, and cited councils of the Church and pronouncements of divers ecclesiastics. The electorate of the Catholic Church did not get notice perhaps for the reason that there isn't any outside of the body of cardinals that chooses the Pope, and which is carefully controlled by Italians who select an Italian, so that what we know as a Roman Catholic Church might quite well be known at these times as the Italian Catholic Church. But that is not necessarily to the disadvantage of the Church, since there is no more astute intelligence than Italy can produce, and since it is matter for speculation how far the Pope is a free agent. He is not nowadays quite so much the prisoner of the Vatican as he used to be, but he is no Mussolini, a law to himself and vocal at convenience. On the contrary, the Pope seems to be as carefully watched and supervised as anybody in sight. There used to be a song that began "The Pope he leads a happy life," but if he does it belies appearances, for his job seems to be heavy and his life very restricted.

**T**HE Holy Father as the head of his Church denounces divorce as heretofore, as also birth control, contraceptions and such things. Divorce is not popular, nor ever will be, since it is a confession of failure. People like a love story to end "and lived happily ever after." When it ends in the di-

vorce court they are disappointed. The kind of marriage the Pope approves is the popular variety, and there is a great deal more of it than seems to be appreciated. Divorce gets into all the newspapers, while people who stay quietly and cheerfully married seldom advertise.

As for birth control, that is more a matter of economics than of morals. What the Pope says about it may affect individuals, but is hardly likely to have important results. Take a country like Japan, which sees its population out-running its ability to support it. For that matter, look at Italy itself, which is in much the same situation. What is the cure for that, smaller families or a very much larger proportion of monks, priests and nuns?

Whenever the representative of a great religious organization—whether it is Catholic so-called as in this case, or Episcopal so-called, or Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or whatever it is, prescribes rules for life, it is apt to make one thankful that the control of human life is not much any longer subject to the fulminations of such advisers but more and more seems to repose in the hands of its Creator. Perhaps the passion to regulate conduct, which one observes in ecclesiastical officers, arises from limitations of ability to control the spirit. To make someone obey rules is possible if you have authority and stand over him close enough, but to make him really want to be good is another matter, and much more difficult. But that seems to be the main object of our life on earth.

**T**HE big job of the moment is to feed the hungry. Just at this writing Congress haggles about it. That makes delay, but no doubt in the end it will appropriate enough money to do the job thoroughly. This unemployment—hunger, lack of the things that money usually buys—is something to be handled like war. When we get into war we expect to waste a lot of money. Doubtless we will waste some on the unemployed, though compared with war waste, it will be a bagatelle. The Red Cross is a good agency. It ought to run bank-full and the gov-

ernment ought to see to it that it does. The Salvation Army seems a good agency for certain kinds of relief, and there are other excellent organized agencies. They should have means to do it. The country is full of money. Gracious! Get it out! Give it work to do!

**W**HAT has become of the House of Representatives? One so seldom hears of it. It ought to advertise.

Whereas the Senate might almost do well to go into a retreat. How amusing were its demands to have its approval of the power-board officials returned to it! If it must fight the President, why choose a case in which it is obviously out of bounds?

However, the Senate is the best screen we have on which to look for the image of the public mind. It is more like the British Parliament than the House is and it would like to be still more like it. It is always trying, or seems to be, to govern the country. But to that there are formidable obstacles—chiefly the President, but also the House, and sometimes the Supreme Court.

**M**R. PAUL WARBURG talks about the hard times, says he has no doubt that the country will win through them, seems to be hopeful of a measure of recovery this year, though very cautious about predicting it. Attention is paid to what he says because it is obviously sensible and because he is a recognized expert in finance and a wise banker. It is not every monetary authority of which as much may be said. For example, somebody has dug up the market suggestions of the Harvard Business School that preceded the slump. They are very amusing when read in the light of what happened. To put the name of Harvard to a lot of cheap market advices, was an impertinence of course, and made for indignation when it was done. The authorities of Harvard University have given notice that it must not happen again.

The boys did it probably. You never can tell what boys will do.

—E. S. Martin.



SINBAD  
His place is in the home !!

(7)

EDWINA

## Enchantment

In the days of serenades, when young blades made love to maids,  
They would stand beneath a lattice and sing gratis from the glades,  
Plucking lightly a guitar, as they worshipped from afar,  
Knowing distance lends enchantment as it does to any star.

But today there's only faint signs of all those tactics quaint,  
For sweet love songs of the hour must sell flour, rugs or paint . . .  
And to more than one alone. Through a mighty megaphone,  
Or a "mike," to every maiden now the knightly songs are blown.

Still, it has its pleasant parts, this new wholesale plea to hearts,  
Girls who once could not reject it disconnect it ere it starts;  
And the girls who have to lean on a lover sight unseen  
Still find distance lends enchantment in the age of the machine.

—Carroll Carroll.



"Hey, Pa, the cat's got kittens!"

(8)



'Oops! Lookit 'im sock 'er on th' jaw!  
'Ow that man can love!'

## The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

Your reasons for going to Florida this year as usual could not be any more patriotic if you were making a speech on Communism before a Rotary Club. You almost make me see how the business recovery would have been retarded if people had begun to notice that you hadn't gone. Your sacrifice to the welfare of the country is like that of the fellows who fought out the battles with themselves in the still watches of the night and emerged victorious, giving up their chances of going to the trenches and with tears in their eyes responding to their country's call to a desk in Washington.

I am afraid that because you've forced yourself to go South for the sake of appearances you will neglect your health. Make yourself play, my boy, though your heart is breaking. Remember that the nation needs men like you; it is looking to you to sell the bonds and the investment trusts and will not take no for an answer. So get yourself into condition.

If the unthinking crowd doesn't know that you are taking your regular winter vacation as a patriotic duty, your conscience is clear. You can face the North and say to yourself, "President Hoover, I am here!"

Your Affectionate Father,

MCREADY HUSTON.



# The Effect of Mirrors on Barbers

*An Observant and Humane Treatise on How Getting a Haircut  
Became a Fascinating Experience for the Author  
who is*

TOM SIMS

**B**ELIEVING as I do that anything—well, almost anything—can be enjoyed if gone about in the proper manner, I searched at some length for a method by which getting a haircut might be made a pleasant—nay, an amusing—pastime.

Today I can hardly wait the necessary two—shall I say weeks?—between haircuts to get back to the barber shop. I have a new hobby, and have known not a dull moment in the barber's chair since.

I study the effect of mirrors on barbers.

You must realize that, as well as his face, a barber sees reflected in other mirrors the back of his head, his profile, his quarter profile. He sees himself by an eerie combination of angles when he appears quite definitely to be peering at some one else. The most furtive glance at himself goes bounding around the room and winds up with a good look behind his own ears way over in that corner. In short, he has no privacy from himself whatsoever. In time this weird method of multiplication is bound to have its effect. Only we authors can appreciate such things; the ordinary citizen would have to spend ten hours daily buying a hat, really to *know* mirrors. Let us therefore look into the soul of the self-ridden barber.

In China, where there are 400,000,000 persons who look exactly alike, a Chinese barber might get away from it by saying, "Oh, that's just a gang of other fellers." Naturally, he would say it in Chinese. But in the United States a

barber knows that dozens of the images he sees reflected in his mirror are of himself. He is as familiar with the mole on the back of his neck as he is with the tip of his nose.

As you will see if you take up this interesting study, some results may be

friend trun him down." Today he could play Hamlet.

There is one barber, in a shop to which I go sometimes, who for twenty or thirty years has fought a losing fight against a cowlick. Imagine having a cowlick defying you from all angles all



day all of your life. It is bad enough to have to do battle with one a few moments in the morning. This cowlick fighter shows it in his face and carriage. His shoulders are squared as though he is ready for action. There is a fierce tilt to his chin and a glint in his eye. I am certain

the cowlick, which remains, undaunted on top of his head, is responsible.

Then there is the barber who wears sideburns and lets his hair grow long. He is more of a class, but I have in mind an individual. Tell him to use the clippers above your ears and he almost weeps. Throughout the rest of the haircut he is aloof. There is a far-away look in his eyes. He is thinking of drifting sands, camels, deserts. Taking his place before the mirrors when the sheik movies were popular, he has stood there ever since.

A majority of the cheerful barbers are bald. Their departing hair has taken a great deal of trouble off their minds and out of sight. No wonder they like to talk with you.

classified but in the main every barber is affected differently. Through constant association with himself he becomes individualized. With all of this talk of standardization in our colleges and universities, it might be well to have the graduates become barbers for two or three years to restore their individual selves.

I was watching a barber the other day who, according to my reasoning, encountered some sorrow early in life from which he has never recovered. Who could stand before a mirror and recover from sorrow? "His girl friend trun him down," I said. "For ten or twelve, or at least eight or ten, hours daily his occupation has forced him to stand before a mirror and look at the poor fellow whose girl



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

JANUARY 9—In a great wax this morning because the young man who arranged our books last week has classified them so that it is now impossible to find anything until I can visualize the various volumes in my memory, for what "The Government of England" should be doing next to a text on chemistry is not clear to me, nor why he should not have put all the Ibsens, Jameses, etc., together, and when I did ponder the sizeable sum I paid him, and the fact that I was moved to engage him only because I could not find my volume of Emily Dickinson and that neither could *he*, I was in a fine frenzy, but fortunately the doorbell did ring as I approached the boiling point, and it was a boy

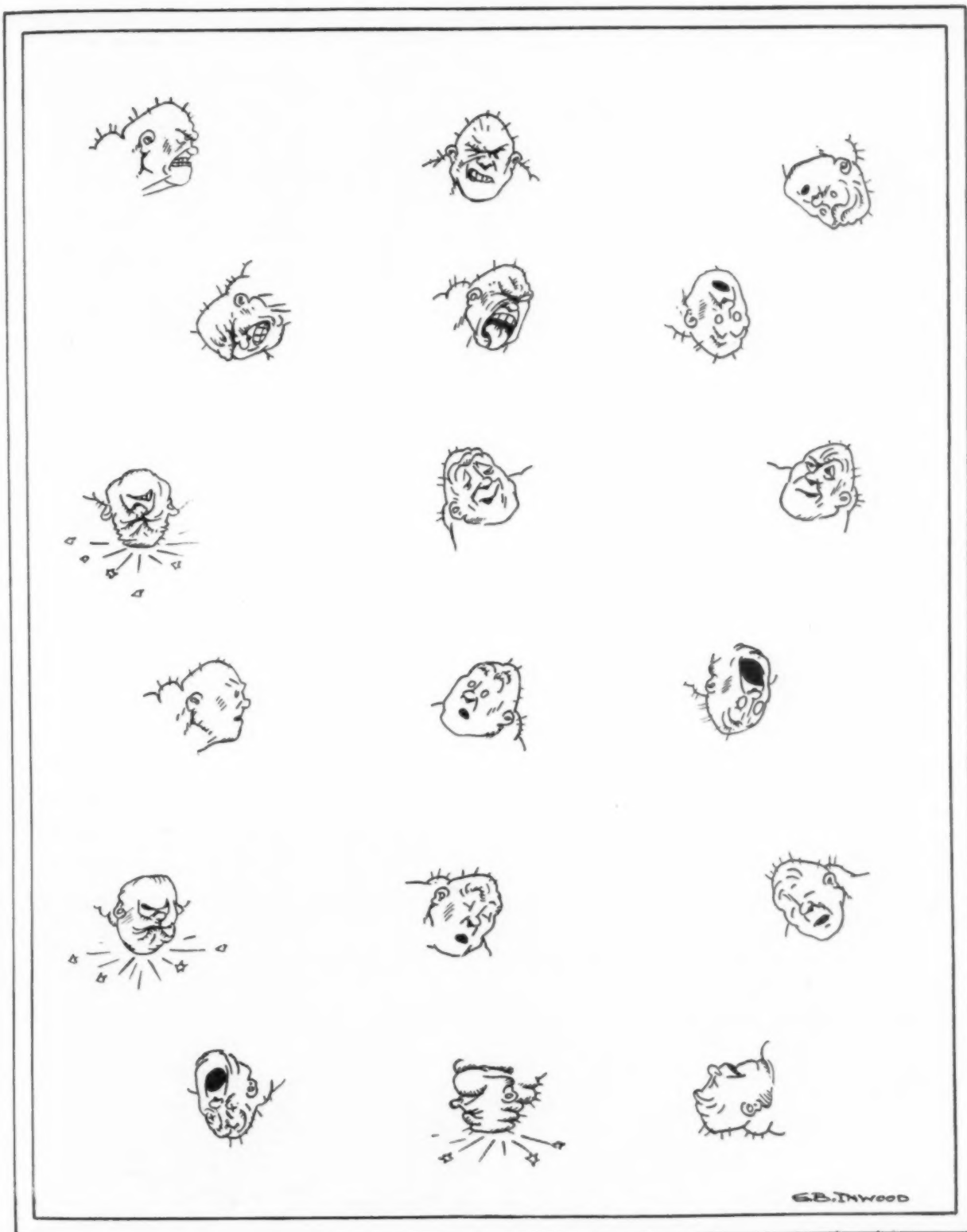
bearing New Year's presents from our cozens who are hunting in England, and I do wish them as much success in the field as they have had in the shops, because for me there were six of the loveliest chiffon handkerchiefs with lace inserts that ever I saw in my life, and a pair of blond tortoise spectacles which fold up on gold hinges into a case no larger than a silver dollar, and even though they were fashioned by an optician to the king, I am sure His Majesty himself could never have been more pleased with anything they may have provided for him. So at last I shall be able to carry to the theatre and to the bridge table some of the small evening bags which have been accumulating on my shelves throughout the years merely because they would not accommodate my glasses. To the Bannings for dinner, and Cal Saunders was there, looking so

exquisite that Billie Fanshawe was moved to whisper to me, "I should just like to see *myself* with a band of fur around my hips!"

JANUARY 10—Waffles this morning for breakfast, made on the gas-stove iron which I did purchase last week with such trepidation because it looked to me more like an engine's cow-catcher, and then Marge Boothby in, babbling of this and that, in especial of Abbie Whiteside's characteristic lethargy, Marge confiding that Abbie is too lazy even to set up her own side of a backgammon board. She did also tell how Biff Haskins, whose pet bull terrier has disappeared, suspects it of having been devoured by the huge dog next door, and is certain that if he could chloroform the animal and dissect it, he would find his dog license in its stomach. Up and off to the hair-dresser's, where the young woman who did shampoo me, marking the diamond circlet atop my narrow wedding band, did lean down and whisper, "Do you *have* to wear the gold one?" To Lydia Loomis' for luncheon, at which the *pièce de resistance* was curried tomatoes covered with grated cheese and bread crumbs and served with rice and strips of bacon, so delicious a concoction that I was holpen twice, and felt obliged therefore to walk all the way home. Finished "The Strange Death of Martin Green" over my dinner tray, Samuel being engrossed with Friedrich Rosen's "Oriental Memories of a German Diplomatist," and then a pleasant surprise visit from Betsy Thomas, who does take from our metropolitan life only what she thinks will most amuse her, thereby covering considerable ground, from trials in police courts to luncheons with archdukes, and she told us how she had recently attended a Pen Club dinner for Sinclair Lewis at which telegrams of regret were read aloud from various celebrities unable to be present, and how the one from Rabindranath Tagore had contained the naïve postscript that his lecture would take place at Carnegie Hall on a certain date the following week, etc. And *that*, I did suddenly realize in a final and unkindly analysis, is what I have always felt about Rabindranath Tagore.



"I'd write if I had only suffered."



*Portrait of a Wrestler.*





*"But, mother, she's as nice as she can be! You should see her when she's sober!"*

### Nice Work, John

When Mme. Galli-Curci spoke to Mr. Rockefeller on an Ormond, Fla., golf course he stopped and recited a poem. That is one way to make people quit bothering you on a golf course.

### For Crying Out Loud

"Crying," says a beauty expert, "brightens the eyes and restores youth to the face." It also has been known to provide a new dress.

### The Futility Of It

"Groundhogs," we read, "were on earth 30,000 years ago." Imagine being just one groundhog after another for 30,000 years.



NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

*"HMMMM—so the Hoovers prefer to read Walter Winchell's column, Mr. Peebles?"*

### How To Get A Bird Into A Bath

Install phone in bird's cage. Leave bird alone with thoughts. Bird will be lonely. Will wish phone to ring. Will get into bath. Phone will ring.

...

Install acoustics in bath. Surround with tiled walls. Bird will hear sounds echo. Will be delighted. Leap into bath. Soak self for hours. Sing lustily.

...

Build boardwalk near bath. Feed bird peanuts, hot dogs. Make bath seem gay resort. Bird will bathe.

...

Hang up guest towel near bath. Bird will be tempted. Will take bath. Dry self thoroughly. Dirty towel.

...

Freeze bath. Bird will feel self hardy creature. Will break ice. Take quick plunge. Get picture in rotogravure. Be pleased with self. Repeat stunt yearly.

—W. W. Scott.



"Oi! There must be someone I can sue for this!"

### Daze of Long Ago

Workmen razing an old building in Denver came across a full quart of 1896 bourbon sealed in the masonry. We are told that no pre-war building in the city is safe now.

### Paradox

"You can't change human nature," cries the philosopher. Then he tries to make human nature quit assuming that you can.

### What Fur?

"I was examining my fur coat today."  
 "How is the old rabbit skin?"  
 "In the mink of condition, my dear."

### Well, Well!

Mrs. A. Smith, our western buyer, will not do business for the next few weeks on account of giving birth to a 9-pound baby boy. Hereafter she will be transferred from the men's underwear department to the women's.

—Oklahoma Paper.

### The Test

I'm a forceful fluent speaker, but my good wife says I'm punk.  
 I've a car that is a beauty, but she blandly calls it junk.  
 When I'd drink six cups of coffee, she decrees that three's enough,  
 And as for my courtly manners, she pretends to call them rough.  
 If I read a Western novel, I'm a rank degenerate,  
 If the radio attracts me, I am sitting up too late.  
 If I buy a black fedora, I'd look better far in grey;  
 And when I'd drive to Brockton, she it is who knows the way.  
 When I'd try my luck at rummy, bridge of course becomes the game,  
 And if she cuts a finger, it is I who am to blame;  
 But I'm moved not by these trifles, for on two things we agree,  
 That our boy's a perfect wonder, and that he resembles me.

—E. R. B.



"Say—how come you don't give me no reason to git out an' walk home, honey?"

# Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

## Why The Marines Remain in Nicaragua

WE MAY yet speak of "Bryan, the Empire Builder." Meaning none other than the Peerless Leader, William Jennings himself. For his work is going on, all talk about "self-determination" and the "rights of smaller peoples" to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is brought to mind at present by Nicaragua. For that canal is going to be built, and built under the treaty which Mr. Bryan himself negotiated, in between his attempt to beat Kellogg to the Nobel prize by his "breathing spell" pacts and his physical beating of swords into ploughshares (in paper-weight sizes) so as to make the ancient prediction come true.

Despite all the clamor of William Edgar Borah, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Senator William H. King, of Utah, that the marines should be brought right home from Nicaragua, nothing of the kind is going to happen. They are going to stay right there, until, and maybe after, the first ship sails through the new rival of Panama.

There is no advice as to whether President Hoover, Secretary of State Stimson, or even Secretary of the Navy Adams have been advised of this determination by the Navy Department. Such things are not always necessary.

Back in the Wilson Administration Tom Martin, senator from Virginia and chairman of the Appropriations Committee, received two letters at the same moment by messenger from a cabinet member. One of them with cogent and powerful logic pointed out why a certain thing was necessary, and therefore why an appropriation for that purpose should be made. The other, with equal force and presentation of facts, explained why the thing was not only unnecessary but harmful, and the appropriation should not be made.

Both were signed by the same cabinet officer, apparently within an hour,

and both had been rushed to the Capitol.

Puzzled, the senator made an appointment to see the cabinet officer. He discovered that the department head was really opposed to the plan. He had himself dictated the letter on that side of the argument. He had no recollection of having seen the other argument. Actually of course the other letter represented the view of what might be called the permanent organization of the department, which works relentlessly toward its goal regardless of who may be President or what party is in power.

On that particular occasion the Cabinet officer won a victory. The appropriation was not made. But the following year, when his interest was largely centered on other issues, in some mysterious way the project was slipped into the appropriation bill for his department.



"Laws ain't for you an' me, Clarence. Laws is for the masses."

ment, again with his signature to back it up. That time it passed.

Naturally no cabinet officer can stop to read all the papers he signs.

WHAT is happening now about Nicaragua is that the Navy Department has laid out a program to clean up a zone on each side of the canal route.

Naturally Surgeon General Riggs has not done all this on his own responsibility. It means certainly that the admirals are for it. It may have to be explained in some other way, if the Borahs and Kings get too vigorous, and seem to have too many votes with them up on Capitol Hill. It may even have to be suspended, temporarily, in case President Hoover should not approve it.

But the probability is that there will be no such serious delay. In a year or

two, reports will show that all dangers from a health standpoint have been eliminated, and there will be a crusade to have the digging begin.

SANDINO, *bandit*, if you listen to some; *patriot* and *statesman*, if you listen to others, is just out of luck. By the Navy he is in precisely the position of the Nicaraguan fly or mosquito. Each must be eliminated to clear the path to the objective.

But few remember the valiant work toward this goal performed by Colonel Bryan. He sought a treaty which would give the United States an option on this canal route, and the right to construct a naval base in Fonseca Bay. The Nicaraguan government did not seem to like the idea. Strangely enough, a revolution ensued. Then there was an election supervised by United States Marines. The new government

seemed delighted at the idea of getting three millions in cash to sign these treaties.

A troublesome Senate delayed ratification, but eventually the treaty was approved. Three Central American republics protested, one because it bordered on part of the canal route, and the others because they did not like the idea of Imperialistic Uncle Sam having a naval base in a little bay on which their countries abutted. Some day the gringos

might attempt to enforce prohibition, or something.

The three little countries appealed to the Central American Court. This had been set up by Elihu Root, when he was Secretary of State. Its object was to prevent wars between the banana republics. The court decided unanimously in favor of the three and against Nicaragua—actually against the U. S.

So, as its span of life under the original charter expired shortly thereafter, it was allowed to die, and its decisions with it. Mr. Bryan was persuaded by the permanent forces that these protesting countries just wanted a piece of the money. He made a public speech at the Pan American Financial Conference, saying he favored giving each of them three millions too!

And now the navy is setting the stage for the final act!





### Aw, Let Us Alone

A learned physician in Paris, according to a news item, thinks he has discovered a serum that is a sure cure for laziness. We don't.

### Crisis

A Denver man shot an interior decorator. After all, there comes a time when a man must do something to show he is the head of the house.

### Touché!

Mussolini is said to be taking up fencing again. Few of us, however, are as fond of spaghetti as all that.

### "Oh, Memories That Press and Burn—"

LAWYER: It's a clear case. Shall we press the suit?

MOVIE-CHIEF: Yeh! Sure! But I vish, plizz, you wouldn't put it dat vay!



FIRST SIAMESE TWIN: *You need a shave!*  
"How'da you know?"  
"Cuz I need one."



DEB: *Hey, Dan, were there ladies like us here in the good old days?*

### Recognition

A seven-foot mechanical hen, made of wood, wall-board, glass, rubber and feathers, was exhibited at a Madison Square Garden poultry show. We think we have eaten some of her offspring.

### Wrong Number

After weighing on some penny scales in Cleveland a woman seized a chair and smashed the dial. We are told she will claim the scales were penny wise and pound foolish.

### He Won't Do!

With the campaign still two years away, the whisperers have started to work. Politicians are being warned that Gov. Ritchie is highly intelligent.

### Growing Pains

The proposal is made that we annex Lower California. Census figures show California may soon need an annex.

## That Name!

THE quiet evening at home. The peace. The casual reference to the bridge party last night. The reference to the man who had the high score. The reference to the man as "What's-his-name." The question, "What was his name, anyway?" The pause to think. The assurance that the name is on the tip of your tongue. The inability to get it off. The feeling that the name is quite a familiar one. The realization that this doesn't help much, there being so many familiar names. The puzzled frown. The admission that you can't quite remember the name. The decision to dismiss the matter from your mind.

The passage of five minutes. The annoying realization that you are still trying to think of that man's name. The feeling that you are being very silly about it. The self-assurance that the matter is of no importance. The determination to think no more about it. The lot of good this determination does.

The sudden bright idea. The recollection that the name was the same as that of your old history professor back at college. The leap to your feet. The brightened eye. The search for your college year book. The futile search. The harsh words about keeping things where they belong in the house. The surprised air of your mate. The question, "Are you still bothering about that name?" The amused laugh. The bitterness. The certainty that you will think of nothing else until you remember that name.

The decision to go to bed. The abstracted air which hangs about you as you undress. The hope that sleep will come soon. The complete failure of sleep to come at all. The tossing. The thinking. The muttered curses. The attempt to think about the political situation. The attempt to concentrate on the silent repetition of your favorite limericks. The inability to think of anything but that man's name. The inability to think of that.

The ray of light. The recollection that you associated the name with that of a well-known figure in American history. The running over of the list of

early American heroes whose names are known to you. The inability to think of any but Washington, Lincoln, Aaron Burr and Patrick Henry. The sudden recollection of Benedict Arnold. The dismal realization that that is not it.

The knowledge that you are so wide awake that you will not go to sleep for hours. The emphatic determination to make your mind a blank. The failure. The further tossing. The turning. The feeling that you have been turn-

ing to one side and then the other for hours. The word, "turning." The victory. The name, "Turner." The happy sigh. The mental comment that all's well that ends well.

The settling down to sleep. The approach of slumber. The sudden curiosity as to the name of the other person at the party which was the same as that of the early American hero. The whole thing all over again.

—John C. Emery.



Fame.



# Theatre • by Baird Leonard

**P**HILIP BARRY'S "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" was well received on the opening night by those who could see and hear it. My seat was so far back under the balcony that it was only by leaning forward and doing considerable ear-cupping that I could get any idea of what was going on behind the footlights. I am sorry to state that my impression, gleaned at such an uncomfortable disadvantage, was not particularly favorable, and if Osgood Perkins, my favorite actor, had not been in the cast, I could have quitted the playhouse earlier than the final curtain with few regrets. But Mr. Perkins spellbinds me. I should rather hear him say "Mrs. William A. Plant" or "Why not?" than listen to Hamlet's soliloquy done by the leading player of any given country. In this piece Mr. Perkins has the ignominious part of a private secretary, weaving back and forth with his employer's bags in that fine spirit of unspoken contempt for things in general which he has apparently cornered and which makes even his brief,

infrequent utterances almost historical. He is, for me, the whole show.

The action begins several years ago in a small Indiana college town and is based on the thwarted maternal instinct of Eve Redman (played by Zita Johann), married to a numbskull who owns some kind of "works," talks horse, and tells her in detail about his class reunion. She is very nice about it, however. In fact, the whole play is a subtle conspiracy to keep Gail Redman from finding out what an ass he is. They are about to minimize their disappointment in having no children by adopting an orphan when a distinguished lecturer comes to town, puts up at their house, falls in love with the restless, groping Eve, and supplies the paternity which is necessary to make her existence complete. When he comes back some years later, she is sorely beset to decide whether to fly with him or remain at home with her wifely duties, and the Watch and Ward Society will be glad to hear that her final decision is noble, and stupid. As the curtain falls we see her standing in the

sunlight with a far-flung gesture of farewell which

betokens the bravery of her resignation, and although it is exactly what she *should* have done, a cynical observer might easily wonder why on earth, if things were as bad as all that, she couldn't sneak an occasional trip to Chicago and thereby eventually cure herself of an emotional malady which threatened her peace for the remainder of her days and gave the play, crediting Shakespeare with an assist, its title. I was somehow unconvinced by the magnitude of her sacrifice, possibly because a woman who smiles constantly when she talks and makes up things about the laurel along the river does not strike me as a hot menace to boredom either as a dinner companion or a life partner. But Mr. Barry has set down her story with a great sincerity, and if his celebrated dialogue does not crackle as much in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" as I had been led to believe it would, it is at least sufficient for the business at hand, and at one point touches the humanities so closely that a simple declarative sentence from a maid, "I hate trays," draws an instantaneous sigh of appreciation from the entire audience.



"PHILIP GOES FORTH"—Thurston Hall is arguing with his son, Harry Ellerbe, the point being whether or not Harry should be a playwright or do something useful. Glancing to the right we see Dorothy Stickney raving about the beauty of a remnant she has picked up. Harold Webster pays no attention as he gets



on with composing such bad music that it drives him to suicide.

In "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"—Herbert Marshall, the doctor, studying Zita Johann in her home to discover why she has had no children. He is finally convinced that she is quite normal when she has a child of which Herbert, of all people, is the father. That grand actor, Osgood Perkins, who is the doctor's secretary, sticks around and tries to keep everybody satisfied with the situation, though he disapproves of the doctor's methods of diagnosis.



**R**OWLAND STEBBINS has given George Kelly's "Philip Goes Forth" an excellent production and a perfect cast. The theme is fragile and unimportant, having to do with a young man's ambition to write plays when his real talents are purely commercial. But it is presented, with the exception of some long-winded exposition, in sparkling style, and the youth is saved for the counting-house just in time by a disillusioned ex-actress who has seen too much mistaking of inclination for ability to stand by and say nothing when another instance of it crosses her path. Philip's father, whose original lack of sympathy with his son's artistic ideas has been softened by the boy's protracted absence from home, smooths out his vanity by congratulating him on succeeding in business as a side issue, and confesses to having begun a play in his own salad days. All this gives Mr. Kelly a fine chance to air his views, both practical and academic, on play writing, and allows the introduction of some character work which is nothing less than platinum. You will regret, as you listen to Cora Witherspoon rattling

along, that you did not write her part yourself, because it embodies the psychology of a flighty woman so perfectly that you do not want her to leave the stage. Her manner of saying, "I'll tell you how I know," in reference to a crony's age carries with it an amusing conviction, and you are not disappointed when she fishes from her memory an obituary notice which featured the pregnant sentence, "Vassar class of 1892 invited to funeral." You also share her astonishment that a female of such advanced years should be taking up archery, however handsome the instructor, for there is indeed something pathetic about starting out with a bow and arrow in one's anility. Dorothy Stickney plays a half-crazed poetess so well that she is given the second act curtain, and Mr. Kelly has been brave enough to grant her a few lines of improvisation, always a dangerous business, for it is one thing to state that a character is a genius and quite another to exhibit samples. The entire cast deserve bouquets for their performances. Harry Ellerbe, who plays Philip, is new to Broadway and looks like a find.

**C**OLONEL SATAN must be taken as a nod from Jove. It sounds like something which Mr. Tarkington (who is the first gentleman of our *belles-lettres*, let the Nobel prize fall where it may) must have had in his trunk a long time, and I, for one, do not intend to belittle the standing of the man who has interpreted our country and its citizens better than anybody else by dwelling too long upon a play which is not characteristic of him. The action covers a night in the life of Aaron Burr while he was suffering from nostalgia in France, and sends everybody home to the encyclopedias, which refresh the memory with the fact that the most picturesque vice-president this country ever had was once married to Madam Jumel. It is difficult to maintain interest in a piece which centers so closely around one individual, especially when the part is played with the obvious grimacing which McKay Morris brings to it, and it is almost impossible to create sympathy for a name which is more or less anathema to all Americans who have been through the eighth grade. Mr. Tarkington undoubtedly intended to feature Aaron Burr as the celebrated squire of dames which he was, and if he turned out to seem no better than a cheap flirt and a first-rate confidence man, we can dismiss the fact with the statement of it.

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "The Criminal Code"

PUT "The Criminal Code" down on your list of preferred attractions for 1931. Here is one of the rare sights of screen and stage (we used to say "stage and screen")—a powerful, melodramatic story in which the writing, directing and acting is characterized by intelligence. Last year the piece was a stage success, but when Columbia Pictures bought the movie rights it was a foregone conclusion that certain events in the plot would have to be changed for general motion picture consumption . . . which caused a lot of people to sigh regretfully in anticipation of another literary murder in Hollywood. Fortunately the piece fell into the hands of Fred Niblo, Jr., who amputated small bits of discolored conversation, grafted a shiny, new tail onto the opus, and completed the operation leaving only a small scar that is hardly noticeable unless you happen to be a scar-gazer.

The second good break for the vehicle came along in the person of Howard Hawks, a director who evidently has sense enough to respect the good works of others. Then Walter Huston was hired to play the lead. Mr. Huston is, of course, a very fine actor, but his long, successful career has never seen him more effective than in this motion picture. Running Mr. Huston a surprising close race for honors is Phillips Holmes, a young actor whose recent efforts proclaim unusual possibilities. He has the perfect combination of looks, voice and real ability . . . and, as a personal note, we might add that his attractive unassuming off-screen personality should be a big help in keeping his head the proper size.

From a standpoint of news value, the most interesting character in the cast is Constance Cummings, who disposes of an exacting rôle with such neatness that one can hardly believe this is her first screen assignment. Miss Cummings went to the coast to play the female lead in "The Devil To Pay," Ronald Colman's latest picture (also reviewed in this issue). According to a report passed on to us by a responsible person who was on the scene, Miss Cummings was the victim of bad makeup, which may have been partly her own fault, and unsympa-

thetic treatment, which was not. As a consequence she was let out after the film was about a third completed, and the entire thing re-made with Loretta Young taking her place. From here Constance walked right onto the Columbia lot where a bit of patience on the part of the producers was rewarded by a performance that is most deserving.

While we're raving, which opportunity is not afforded often, we want to nominate Boris Karloff as the most quietly terrifying criminal we have ever seen in a prison film—which is quite a statement considering the number of "Boo!" faces that have been assembled for jail scenes during the past year. Mr. Karloff's menacing figure and deep, hollow voice will cause delightful shivers to romp up and down your spinal cord.

Commendation is also due the work of DeWitt Jennings, Mary Doran and Clark Marshall.

Swell show.

## "Little Caesar"

IF YOU like movies about racketeers, you'll get a big kick out of "Little Caesar." The objection that this department has always expressed regarding films glorifying the American gangster is overcome to a great degree in this production because of Edward G. Robinson's masterful portrayal of the leading character. From start to finish he is nothing more than a tough, conceited Wop gunman, whose likable qualities are never stressed to make you think he is anything else. If you read the book, which is also very interesting, you will be pleased to know that Little Caesar's farewell speech is preserved on the screen.

The absence of women in the life of the leading character does away with the refining influence of love interest, which is a relief. The cooing, such as it is, is done by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. Mr. Fairbanks does as well as anybody could with a part that is nowhere near worthy of him. Lord knows why they wasted him on it. Miss Farrell makes a small part seem even less significant than it is.

Recommended for Mr. Robinson's exceptionally fine performance.

## "The Devil To Pay"

IT MUST pain exponents of the more violent school of dramatic endeavor to observe the ease with which Ronald Colman can walk lazily through a story of such obvious unimportance as "The Devil To Pay" and cause the customers to march gayly out of the theatre exchanging gay pleasantries with the gay crowd about how charmingly gay Mr. Colman was; while the boxoffice man gayly counts the bountiful collection so willingly offered on the altar of refined nonsense.

There is no message, thank God, in this film. It was written by Frederick Lonsdale, who has the happy trick of creating characters whose very lack of vehement self-expression is apt to make one think they are more important than they pretend to be. For instance, Ronald plays the rôle of a carefree, spendthrift son of a British nobleman who is politely referred to as irresponsible instead of shiftless. He never pretends to be anything else—belittles himself on the slightest provocation, and never once promises anybody that he will go to work or make them proud of him. Yet we believe this delightful loafer will be thoroughly enjoyed by everyone except practical business men and members of the British Labor Party.

Next to Mr. Colman, we were most entertained by the perfect performance of a character who does not appear in the cast. This gentleman, a smiling, wire-haired terrier, walks off with a most agreeable incident during which he persuades Ronald to part with his last cent. He (the dog) inspires the same spontaneous "Ah's," "Aw's" and "Oh's" that one hears when the news reel shows closeups of the winners in the baby show.

Another occasional threat to Mr. Colman's leadership is that grand old veteran Frederick Kerr. Actors who aspire to be amusing can take a lesson from his quiet proficiency. Loretta Young is lovely as the lady Ronald loves legitimately, and Myrna Loy is even more so as the lady he loves. You ain't seen Miss Loy until you see her in a blonde wig. Whew!

Very pleasant.





"Lemon meringue with files, this week, darlin'!"

### Perspective

Cute I thought those pouting lips,  
Darling those staccato gestures;  
Elegant, your flashing quips  
Made my heart and all the rest yours.

Though you haven't changed a bit;  
Winning has unearthed a new you.  
So I say—nay, holler it—  
Toodle-oo, you doggone shrew you!  
—Carroll Carroll.

### The Cute Age

Chicago twin girls, eight months old, are suing their grandfather for \$150,000. Under present systems of education childhood is too short.

### Knit Wit

A newspaper photograph shows a movie star starting to knit a sweater for the unemployed. But who needs a sweater in July?

### Deception

"Ice amazes Guatemala Indians," says the *New York Times*. Sometimes it amazes even experienced hockey players.

### Miscasting Pearls

A movie star who returned from a party at midnight and discovered her \$10,000 pearls were stolen had to wait until the stores opened the next morning before she could get some more.

### "To Market, To Market—"

Ninety millions were donated to charity by New Yorkers last year, but far greater amounts went to faith and hope.

### Grand and Glorious

The pedestrian now has his revenge. He can buy a seat in a good big bus and watch it knock motorists off the road.

### St. Louis Blues

A truck containing more than 1000 shirts was reported stolen in St. Louis. Imagine sending your laundry out only every third year.



Adam and Eve put up a scarecrow.



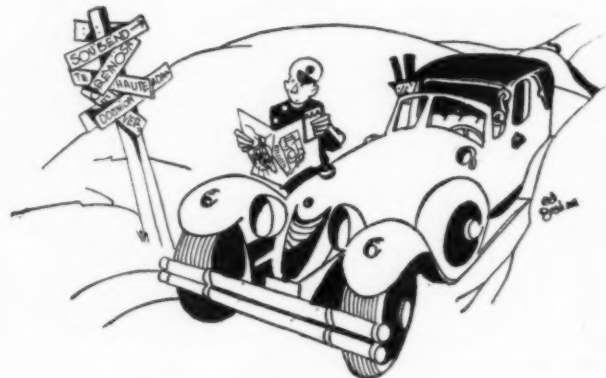
*The Alumni Club of Chiropractors' College holds its first reunion.*

### Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *stoned* with an *r* and get some mice.
- (2) Scramble *thrice* with an *e* and get a theological criminal.
- (3) Scramble *merriest* with an *s* and get the merriest poets.
- (4) Scramble *glossier* with an *a* and get the harem's parlors.
- (5) Scramble *grimaces* with an *m* and get a tussle.

(Answers on Page 26)



"Call up the Society Editor of the Times, Wagstaff—they'll know where we are!"

### Great Minds at Work

A Galapagos turtle lives 900 years. But he couldn't see in 9,000,000 years as much as a man with a car can see in a week.

Don't be a Galapagos turtle. Get a new model with the New Year.

—Arthur Brisbane.

I like to sleep in old houses with wind-creaking shutters.

—O. O. McIntyre.

If I were God I would have come down and cuffed that man Lewis. He'd never have gone to Stockholm to collect that award.

—Billy Sunday.

America is as yet a colony, and a really native civilization has up to now not been developed.

—Count Hermann Keyserling.

In the ordinary way we have a habit of assuming that things are good or bad, not so good or not so bad; but we never trouble to ask ourselves why it is that some things are good and some bad. The fact is that some things are bad through excess of goodness.

—Frank Swinnerton

Three years ago almost to a day, a tornado, similar to yesterday's twister struck Texas, took a toll of about 200 lives, injured 1,000 and caused \$4,000,000.

—New York American.

So that's how they work. Just like a big merger.

## Villanelle of a Chronic Condition

By BERTON BRALEY.

This is the worry that lays me low,  
However often I pay a debt  
There's always somebody else I owe.

Collectors come in a regular row  
Taking me always for all I get;  
This is the worry that lays me low.

Is there a party I'd like to throw?  
I haven't paid for the last one yet,  
There's always somebody else I owe.

Does somebody pay me some extra dough?  
Then a bill bobs up and it must be met;  
That is the worry that lays me low.

If a check comes in that I start to blow  
Collectors threaten my radio set;  
There's always somebody else I owe.

And my funeral pageant, marching slow,  
Will be mostly installment men, I'll bet:  
The worries that laid me low!



"I wonder if you could spare a piece of cake, lady  
—today's my birthday."

## Life in Society



### BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

*Mr. R. Furman Lowry, Miss Julia Bleibtrey (with alpinstock), Capt. Thomas J. V. Murnigham and a host of friends at the launching of Mr. Lowry's palatial Diesel cruiser, Hendrick Hudson. Mr. E. Joy Reed, one of the tall caddies, broke a jar of Ginger Jake over the prow of the ill-fated leviathan.*

The modern language department of the Scarsville Women's Club gave a large bridge yesterday. The hostesses were Mrs. Harvey Williams, Mrs. Anson Martin and Mrs. John X. Newcomb; and the modern language was terrible.

Miss Alice Ball, Miss Jean Godsend and Miss Ruth Barnum of Bridgeport will depart on Sunday for Palm Beach, Fla., for a change of names.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coolidge of New Haven may leave next week for St. Petersburg, Fla. . . . *Calvin Coolidge Says:*

Mrs. Luther Danis gave a luncheon yesterday in the North by North East balcony of the Georgian Room of the Pierre. Her guests included everybody who can possibly reciprocate.

Mrs. W. Rodney Hobart of 41 East Sixtieth Street is convalescent at the Leroy Sanitarium after being badly burned in the Casino at Monte Carlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shepard of Englewood gave a large reception and house-swarming at their new residence on Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Vail Kennedy spent Sunday driving around Palm Beach in a wheel chair hunting for photographers. Not a single school of snappers came within sight.

Mr. Leslie G. Spidden, who has been at the Lake Placid Club and Quebec for the Winter Sports, is returning to the Barclay on Wednesday with four of them.

—Jack Cluett.



# Life at Home

**PITTSBURGH**—Included in a herd of cattle being driven to the slaughter house was an intelligent cow. When she saw hot roast beef sandwiches being made in a restaurant window, she refused to go on and the herd drivers tried in vain to make her. Her ideas of her future were so strong that she had to be led back and loaded on a truck before she could be got past the restaurant.

**MACON, GA.**—George Anderson, Jr., a negro, was arrested for playing miniature golf in the Rose Hill Cemetery, using the graves for tees and the tombstones as hazard.

**ORMOND, FLA.** — Ten-year-old Donnie Bell, member of the Sunday school of the church which John D. Rockefeller attends, got so many dimes from the multimillionaire that they lost their sentimental value for him. So when he got enough of them, he bought himself a nice, new bicycle tire.

**BOSTON**—Disguised as a blind and elderly peddler, Jacques Gordon, noted Chicago violinist, stood on a street corner here yesterday and played his \$40,000 Stradivarius to see whether Bostonians really appreciated good music.

He collected a total of \$1.27 in small change.

**CHICAGO**—Danger, a pet bulldog whose owner established a trust fund for him at a local bank, was on his way to Hot Springs, Ark., for a winter vacation today, on the profits of some of the securities placed with the banking institution in his behalf. He went alone in a crate. His owner, a Chicago business man, who could not arrange his own affairs for a winter vacation, stayed at home.

## And Abroad

**BERLIN**—If Frau Hedwig would reduce, it would simplify the work of the Berlin police.

Frau Hedwig weighs 371 pounds. She sits at her home and orders all sorts of things by telephone. These she sells or gives to her neighbors. When the bills come in, she pays no attention to them. Civil suits do not disturb her, because she has no money. Criminal suits are equally futile, because she weighs so much.

A few years ago she was actually brought to court and a special platform had to be built to support her. The jury acquitted her. Once she was actually sent to jail, but she was released because the city would not spend money to enlarge her cell.

An attempt to disconnect the telephone failed, because it was shown that she had to have it near her in case of sudden emergency. Her husband has disclaimed responsibility for anything she does, but that does not help her creditors. And as she will not exercise or reduce by diet, she is a big problem for the authorities.

**SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA** — Because he wrote his autograph on the shapely calf of a pretty girl passenger on a liner homeward bound from London, a member of the victorious Australian cricket team, which recently toured England, has been reprimanded by the body in control of international cricket.

Members of the team had pledged themselves not to sign autographs, and felt that the action of their colleague simply wasn't "cricket."

**TRING, ENGLAND**—A hunt loving donkey has been discovered. He wandered into a pack of hounds, and, evidently catching the idea of the game, dashed off into a thicket, scaring a fox into breaking cover. Off went the hounds after their natural quarry, the donkey galloping joyfully with them, jumping hedges and ditches with apparent delight. As the fox got away, a good time was had by all.



"And tomorrow, if business don't pick up, I gotta hev' a fire!"

# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.  
See Page 2

(Listed in the order of their openings)

## Plays

- ★GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—Last year's Pulitzer prize play. Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast.
- ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *John Golden*. \$3.00—Allan Dinehart takes over the lead in this hilarious small-town comedy by Frank Craven.
- ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hollywood and the talkies furnish excellent material for this uproarious satire. With one of the authors—George Kaufman—in the cast.

★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Splendid lines and strong language in this comedy of three ex-chorines.

★MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Hopkins*. \$4.40—Whimsical story of the tragedy of a lady who stays young while others grow old.

CIVIC REPERTORY—Dumas' "Lady of the Camellias" is now included in the repertoire.

★PAGAN LADY. *48th Street*. \$3.85—A melodrama of two strong men—a bootlegger and a preacher—bowing down to Miss Ulric's luring.

★ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace plays horse with the ideals of our Chicago gangsters.

★MAN IN POSSESSION. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An all-English cast in a slight but amusing comedy of love and bill-collecting in England.

★ELIZABETH THE QUEEN. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt make this historical romance a thing to be remembered.

## GRAND HOTEL.

*National*. \$4.40

—If you can get tickets you'll see a great show. Henry Hull and Eugenie Leonovitch in this drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel.

★TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40.—A thoroughly entertaining comedy with Helen Gahagen really singing in the role of an opera singer willing to "live" for her art's sake.

★THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Sparkling comedy with Mary Boland as a middle aged woman with an inventive imagination for the past.

★OH PROMISE ME! *Morisco*. \$3.00

—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Lee Tracy shows how to win a breach of promise suit from an elderly philanderer when you haven't any evidence.

★FIRST NIGHT. *Eltinge*. \$3.00—There aren't many mysteries this season so not much competition for this one.

★PETTICOAT INFLUENCE. *Empire*. \$3.85—Helen Hayes wangles a diplomatic appointment for her husband from Henry Stephenson.

★LIFE IS LIKE THAT. *Little*. \$2.50—The wife aims at her rival and shoots the Chinese servant. With music, too, and all for \$2.50.

★THE TRUTH GAME. *Barrymore*. \$3.85—Ivor Novell has written another play around himself. This time he is an ardent and tenacious young man in pursuit of Phoebe Foster with Billie Burke and Viola Tree looking on.

★MIDNIGHT. *Avon*. \$3.00—The Guild does a melodrama that creaks a bit on the injustice of our justice.

★FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort*. \$3.00—Most exciting melodrama in town. A vigorous attack on the tabloid scandal sheet. With Arthur Byron as the editor.

★COLONEL SATAN. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Booth Tarkington's rather mechanical costume play portraying one Parisian night in the life of Aaron Burr while in exile.

★PHILIP GOES FORTH. *Biltmore*. \$3.85—Very apt for all young men with ambitions to be playwrights.

★TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller*. \$3.85—Philip Barry uses the microscope on a lady making her choice of husband or lover.

★ANATOL. *Lyceum*. \$3.00—The complete unabridged production of Schmitzler's farce with Joseph Schildkraut in the title role.

★GREEN GROW THE LILACS. *Guild*. \$3.00—The Guild's newest—with Helen Westley, June Walker and Richard Hale. Also fifteen cowboys do some great singing.

★AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's*—Judith Anderson in a play by Pirandello.

## Musical

★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$5.50—Joe Cook goes on and on in a swell show.

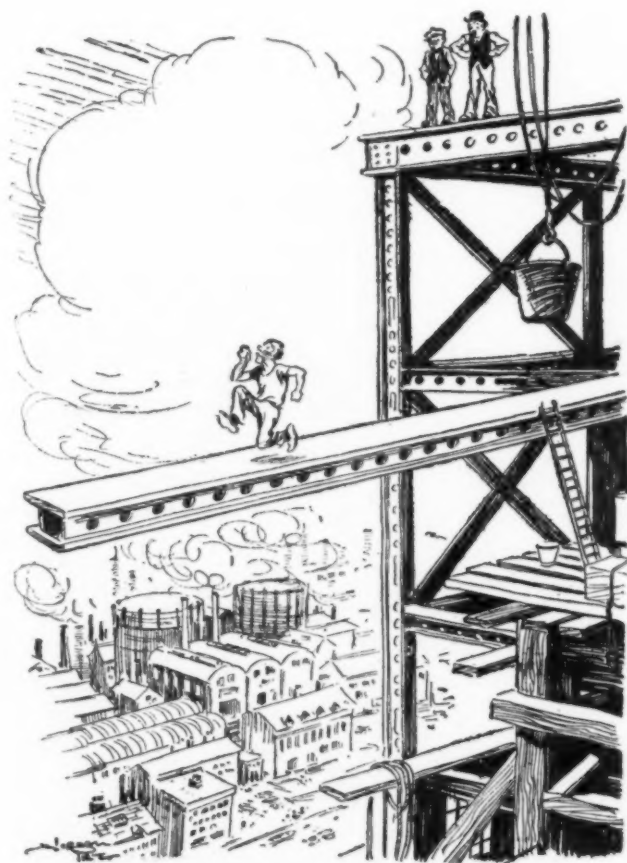
★THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—And this is the most entertaining revue in town. With Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen.

★GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman and the cowboy quartette.

★THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Sophisticated, smart revue with the maximum of stars—Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Frances Williams; Hope Williams and Waring's Pennsylvanians.

★MEET MY SISTER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Charming play with music—but no choruses—when you're in a mood for quiet and relaxation. With Bettina Hall and George Grossmith.

(Continued on Page 26)



WORKMAN: Y' know, it gives me the creeps to see old Bill practisin' for the 'undred yards. 'E might forget an' think 'e's in for the quarter-mile. —London Opinion.



"But, lady, can I help it  
if he loves me?"

### Vice Versa

Then there is the census taker who is a sleep-walker and counts people to wake himself up.

### Individual Strength

"As our navy is now, almost anyone can whip it," says a Washington correspondent. We hear a civilian tried it and got a black eye.

### Ancient and Holy Things

Remember, my dear, when we met?  
'Twas nigh on three decades ago!  
Three decades . . . an eon . . . and yet—  
How decades go gliding! Heigh-ho!

Why, those were the days when the  
youth was a dub  
Who didn't belong to the Mandolin  
Club . . .  
(Ah, do you recall how I twanged the  
guitar  
And wore "choker" collars we called  
Gates Ajar?)

Recall when the rage was to copy  
The Gibson or Gainsborough Girl?  
Remember the schottische, the hoppy  
Old waltz—and the two-step's mad  
whirl?

The shirtwaist-and-skirt age! How  
swiftly time courses!  
When children were taught to love  
Shakespeare—and horses!

In Nineteen-O-Two, I, your first heavy  
dater,  
Got slapped for a kiss you forgave six  
years later!

—C. Wiles Hallock.

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 25)

★YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$4.40—  
The new collegiate revue with pep featuring  
Lou Holtz

★THE GANG'S ALL HERE. *Imperial*.—Opening  
February 2nd and with a galaxy of stars  
—Ted Healy, Zelma O'Neal, Ruby Keel-  
er Jolson and Ruth Tester. Book by Rus-  
sell Crouse.

### Records

#### Victor

"UNDER THE SPELL OF YOUR KISS" and  
"THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE"—Lewis James,  
tenor, in two excellent presentations. The  
first is a melody of unusual appeal.

"OH MAMA!" and

"LADY, PLAY YOUR MANDOLIN"—The Havana  
Novelty Orchestra does all sorts of tricks in  
these rumba foxtrots. Much gourd thump-  
ing, donkey brays, and other peculiar  
sounds. Too much static.

"WHEN YOUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO SILVER"  
—Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yan-  
kees. To be played after the rumba stuff  
for soothing effect. and

"MY TEMPTATION"—Similar to "Valencia".  
Suitable for promenading, dancing and  
Rudy Vallee's orchestra.

#### Columbia

"FRATERNITY MEDLEY" (two parts)—Guy  
Lombardo and His Royal Canadians play-  
ing a few choice fraternity songs in a man-  
ner that would please any fair co-ed.

"TWENTY SWEDES RAN THROUGH THE WEEDS"  
—The California Ramblers—and it's a treat to  
hear them again. A novelty arrangement  
recommended to Notre Dame fans. and

"THE PEANUT VENDOR"—Rumba rhythm and  
colorful orchestration, California Ramblers.

"CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL" (Sweet and  
Low) and

"I MISS A LITTLE MISS"—Ben Selvin and His  
Orchestra in good form. A lady vocal re-  
frainer in first number is a delightful  
change. We think it's time the men had a  
rest.

### Sheet Music

"Down The Old Back Road" (No show)

"My Temptation" (No show)

"Just A Gigolo" (No show)

"Tie A Little String Around Your Finger"  
(No show)

"Personally, I Love You" (No show)

"Smile, Darn Ya, Smile" (No show)

### Answers to Anagrams

On Page 22

- (1) Rodents.
- (2) Heretic.
- (3) Rimesters.
- (4) Seraglios.
- (5) Scrimmage.

(26)



"Do you wish to leave a call, sir?"

### Simple Remedy

A woman in Detroit shot a man  
twice when he said he didn't love her.  
The best thing for him to do is to  
admit that he does.

### Regular Service

Those who have been criticising the  
weather this winter may expect some  
action on their complaints within a  
few weeks.

### Candor

The wild geese, ducks and sandhills  
are appearing in the small bodies of  
water in Burnet county, and winter is  
here at last, although the weather is  
almost like spring at this writing. But  
for whiskey, pistols, fleas and blue  
northers, Texas would be a Paradise on  
earth. —Burnett (Tex.) Bulletin.

### Call His Bluff

There is a kind, a certain kind  
Of measly man that I've in mind.  
"Drop in for lunch," he loves to state  
But *never* makes a certain date.  
"Come in for lunch," declare such men,  
But fail to tell you where and when.  
Next time this type remarks to you,  
"We'll go to lunch some day—we two,"  
Assume a banker's fishy eye  
And to the hypocrite reply:

CHORUS

"I challenge you to name the day.  
To here and now proclaim the day.  
The place and time where you and  
I'm to eat that lunch ideal.  
Too long you've sought to fake a  
date,  
The time has come to make a date—  
Say when and where—and I'll be there  
to eat that promised meal!"  
—Arthur L. Lippmann.



# Our Foolish Contemporaries



COOK: Did you sniff to sniff what I'm cooking, may I ask, or was that the kind of sniff people gives when they just means to sniff?  
—Punch (by permission).

"I can't think why they make so much fuss of Miss Smith's voice. Miss Jones has a much richer voice."

"Yes, but Miss Smith has a much richer father."

—Buen Humor, Madrid.

The cost of living is slightly higher than it was a year ago. This is because there is such a demand for it.

—Punch.

"Say, is your dog clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' he comes or he does not."

—Harvard Lampoon.

MAGISTRATE: You have been arrested for stealing fifteen times. Can't you give up stealing?

MAN IN THE DOCK: It is my only hobby, sir.

—Answers.

MAMA: But, Johnnie, if your earache is better, why do you keep on crying?

JOHNNIE: I'm waiting for D-daddy to c-come home. He's never s-seen me with a earache.  
—Pathfinder.

The new industrial alcohol, much of which eventually becomes liquor, will be made to taste like garlic. "It would save a lot of time and effort," says Old Charley Wetmore, "if they'd make it taste like cloves."

—New York Evening Post.

DINER: Have you any wild duck?

WAITER: No, sir; but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you.  
—Tit-Bits.

Although not the police commissioner this winter, it appears from the roto sections that Grover Whalen was sewed into his spats, as usual.

—Detroit News.

IRATE BALL PLAYER: I wasn't out!

SARCASTIC UMPIRE: Oh, you weren't? Well, you just have a look at the newspaper tomorrow.  
—Lehigh Burr.

Some of those modern writers ought to lift their minds out of the gutter. After all, we must keep our gutters clean.  
—Dublin Opinion.



Rural constable, during a quiet period, responds to the force of habit.  
—Humorist.

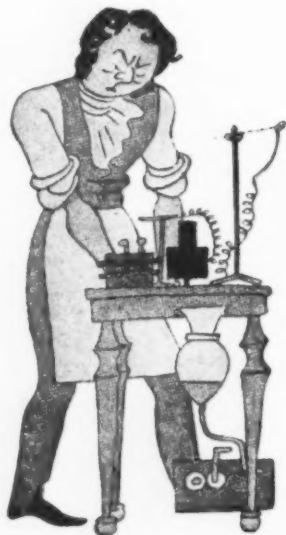
# From Life's



THALES OF MILETUS (640-546 B. C.) DEVOTED THE BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE TO ESTABLISHING THE FACT THAT AMBER, SUBJECTED TO FRICTION, WILL GENERATE AN ELECTRIC CHARGE



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790) RISKED DEATH TO DISCOVER THAT LIGHTNING IS A DISCHARGE OF ELECTRICITY



ALESSANDRO VOLTA (1745-1827) WORE HIMSELF TO A MERE SHADOW INVENTING THE VOLTAIC PILE

ANDRÉ MARIE AMPÈRE (1775-1836) SUFFERED UNTOLD PRIVATIONS TO DEVELOP HIS THEORY OF ELECTRO-DYNAMICS



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE (1791-1872) GAVE HIMSELF NO REST UNTIL HE HAD PERFECTED THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH



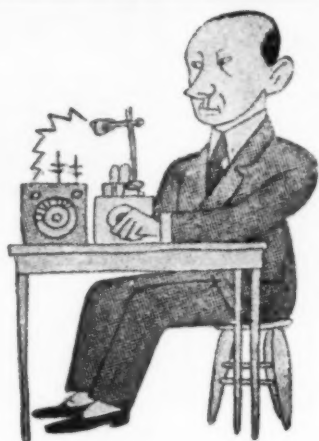
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL (1847-1922) CONCENTRATED EVERY OUNCE OF ENERGY UPON PERFECTING THE TELEPHONE

"The program ing in

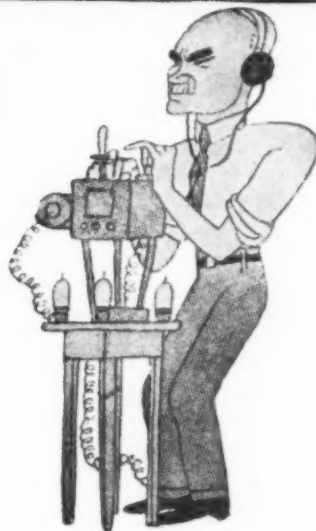
# Family Album



AS ALVA EDISON (1847-....)  
NIGHT AND DAY TO INVENT  
THE ELECTRIC VALVE



GUGLIELMO MARCONI (1874-....) HAD  
TO OVERCOME INNUMERABLE DISCOURAGE-  
MENTS BEFORE HE PERFECTED WIRELESS  
TELEGRAPHY



LEE DE' FOREST (1875-....) SPENT  
WEARY YEARS PERFECTING THE  
AUDION, MAKING TRANSCONTINENTAL  
WIRELESS TELEPHONE SERVICE  
POSSIBLE

—And All for the Sake of This!



Reprinted from LIFE, Jan. 20, 1925

ram ing in fine."

# 'You must have no other standard'

Every product made by the United Drug Company for health, hygiene and bodily comfort is controlled in its manufacture by a board of eminent chemists and physicians.

"Your single task," their instructions read, "is to make United Drug Company merchandise the finest and purest that can be produced. Your guide is quality—quality only—and you must have no other standard."

The work of these men is aided greatly by the tremendous size and strength of the United Drug Company, the world's largest manufacturer of drug store commodities. They have their pick of raw materials from all over the globe. They use the most modern equipment. They employ the most highly developed processes.

Such strong advantages in buying and manufacturing enable the United Drug Company to supply its products to Rexall Drug Stores at figures distinctly low. Moreover, these stores, by buying direct, eliminate in-between profits and give you the saving—a saving all the more valuable because this company guarantees that quality shall never be sacrificed to price.

United Drug Co. products are sold only at  
Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl  
Stores are Rexall Stores.  
There is one near you.



Use this safe and sure remedy for tight, wracking coughs. Pleasant to take.

## Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 72



*The rumble seat rider who made good.*

W. W. Fraser,  
366 Sherbrooke St. West,  
Montreal, Que., Can.

For explanation: Life's little reverses.

A. H. McArn,  
Cheraw, S. C.

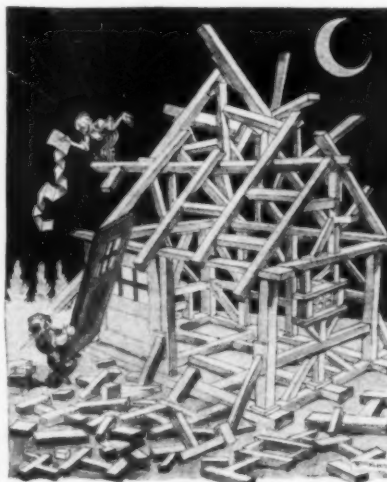
For explanation: You can't keep a good man out in the cold.

Henry C. Bridgers, Jr.,  
Episcopal High School,  
Alexandria, Va.

For explanation: Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling.

M. E. Hartsock,  
24 Mound Street,  
Milford, Ohio.

For explanation: One man who put comforts behind when he got ahead.



"Haw—haw—what a laugh this is on the Portable Company, Lil. We order a bungalow an' they sent us a garage!"



"A week after their wedding they were throwing crockery at each other," said a landlady in court recently. It is not every couple that settles down to married life so quickly.

—Humorist.



In Order

## To Live Long and Prosper

Read  
**LIFE**

Cultivate your Sense of Humor, and let LIFE's *Laugh on Every Page* help you to develop the Balance and Poise that make you valuable in any position.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE,  
60 East 42nd Street,  
New York

One Year, \$5

Foreign, \$6.60  
LN





JOHN ELLIOTT, THE STORY OF AN ARTIST, by Maud Howe Elliott. *Houghton Mifflin & Co.*, \$7.50. The creator of that beautiful mural in the National Museum in Washington, "Diana and the Tides" (here reproduced with many others) brought back to us by his wife, in letters and charming reminiscences: of Henry James, Meredith, Roosevelt, Dore and still more. The chapters on his New York friends particularly delightful.

. . . .

BALLADS AND POEMS, 1915-1930, by Stephen Vincent Benet. *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*, 2.50. Distinguished lines by the author of that glowing narrative poem, "John Brown's Body." We like him best among our poets, for his simplicity, his humor, his range, when "The lightning quivers up in Gabriel's hand, Whetting his sword on a bleak ridge of cloud" . . .

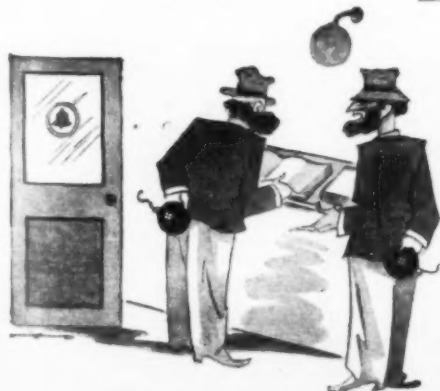
. . . .

RACHAEL MOON, by Lorna Rea. *Harper & Bros.*, \$2.50. A study in selfishness; and Rachael, the daughter in chief, appears to us to be the most selfish of all of them. Easy reading English novel, with the usual Oxford and tea-drinking properties, and an invalid mother who never makes an appearance, but carries the tale, showing why some girls don't leave home.

. . . .

EVA, by Jacques Chardonne. Finely translated by Viola Gerard Garvin. *Simon & Schuster*, \$2. A subjective story told in the first person in diary form, as only a French writer of genius could do it. It is the innocence of Eva that overwhelms him, the naive Adam of the story.

. . . .



"Maybe he's in the red book!"

## Buy at the Bottom!

The slogan still holds good. It is true of fine office furniture at this minute!

The depression affected manufacturers of the world's finest office furniture. Prices hit bottom. But there wasn't enough selling to keep factories going.

Manufacturers knew about our cash purchasing power and came to us. At first we didn't want to buy. Then we heard the prices!

For example, we bought desks, which ordinarily would sell for \$295.00 which we now offer at \$111.00.

We bought desks—all models and woods. Sofas—all leathers, fabrics and sizes. Club chairs. Office chairs. Desk chairs. Office accessories, such as waste baskets, filing cabinets and bookcases. Furniture designed for fine offices, clubs and homes.

We bought at the bottom. To describe all the bargains in this sale might suggest exaggeration. You must see the items and the prices for yourself.

Act now to get an early selection. Come in and browse around. If you see a piece of furniture you want, you'll find it marked at a price far below what you expected to pay! Open daily until 6; Saturdays until 5.

## HALE DESK COMPANY

HALE BUILDING

11 East Forty-fourth Street, New York

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE, by Sir James Jeans. *Macmillan Co.*, \$2.25. In which Great Britain's leading romantic and philosophical astronomer first presents our inconspicuous (if not indecent) planet as an astral "sport," with the chances of life elsewhere remote, and then, in conclusion, comforts us with the announcement (long known to mystic minds) that, after all, "the universe begins to look more like a great thought than a machine," or, as a Stratford mainstreeter once remarked: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on."

THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL WITH ROD AND GUN, by George S. Chappell. *Frederick A. Stokes Co.*, \$2.

Introduced by Bob Benchley, illustrated by O. Soglow, gastronomic wisecracks by the author. We have held the notice of this book until after the holidays, as being too indigestible for strained stomachs. Even now it makes us gun shy in parts. A ghastly modernistic reincarnation of our old friend *Gray's Anatomy*, it is as horribly funny as some other of our modern interior decorations.

—Thomas L. Masson.



## A man *knows* when he's found his RIGHT SMOKE

**M**EN who have not found their right smoke are discontented, uncertain—but when a man *does* find his right smoke he *knows* it!

If you're not a pipe smoker, maybe you should be. Get a good pipe and some good tobacco, and taste the real satisfaction of pipe smoking.

If you are a pipe smoker, maybe the tobacco you're using fails to give you full-bodied, all-round satisfaction.

Many men have found that a pipeful of Edgeworth is the right smoke for them. Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, and its "eleventh process" gives a flavor and a coolness that have pleased thousands of smokers. Maybe Edgeworth is *your* right smoke.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or just send coupon for a generous packet of Edgeworth—free.

## EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.



LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.  
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street address \_\_\_\_\_

City and state \_\_\_\_\_

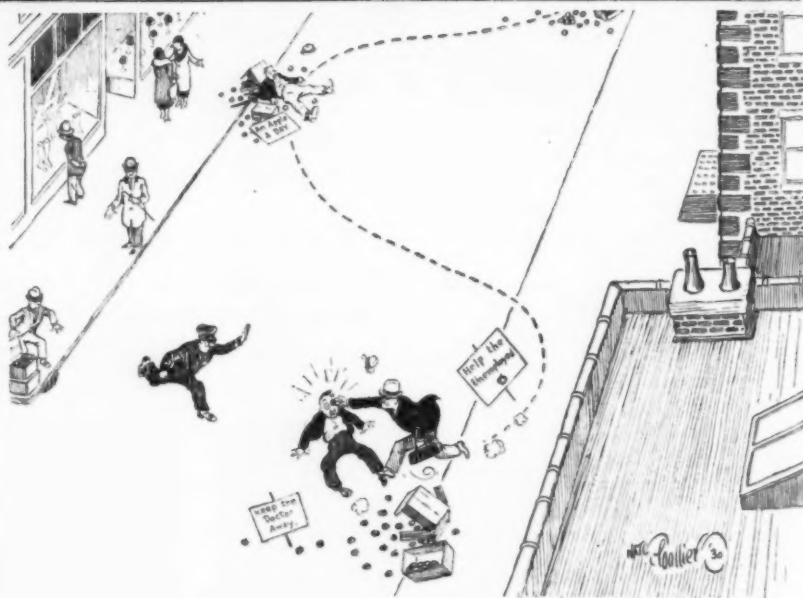
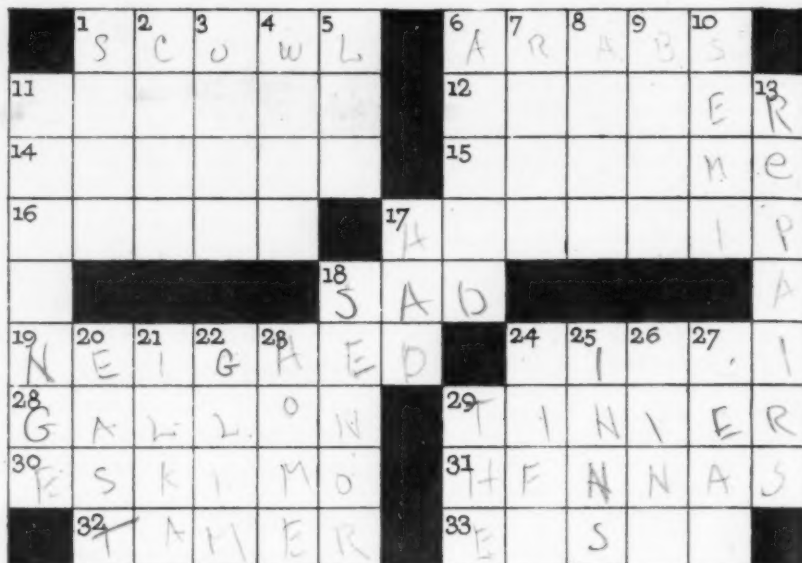
L-48

## LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 77

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes February 20, 1931.



### ACROSS

1. A dirty look.
6. Egyptians.
11. A dried fruit.
12. Worshipped.
14. Slip away.
15. City in Ind.
16. A stich.
17. A dissenter.
18. Unhappy.
19. Gave a horae laugh.
24. A region of forgotten things.
28. A measure.
29. Smaller.
30. A No. American.
31. These make people see red.
32. The lady in the lion cage.
33. German city.

### DOWN

1. A blow that you can't hit back.
2. A false witness.
3. These bite the hand that feeds them.
4. An upstanding man never has to do this.
5. Compass point.
6. Hardened.
7. This is caught by the nose.
8. Search.
9. To jog along.
10. Prefix meaning half.
11. A snappy come-back.
13. Fixes up.
17. Owned.
18. Spanish title of courtesy.
20. The Orient.
21. Each, every, (Scotch).
22. A small candle.
23. Where you live.
24. Fish stories.
25. Country hotels.
26. Buried treasure.
27. One dollar.
29. Definite article.



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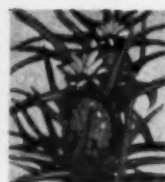
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# Just to eat is an adventure

## in these tropic isles



**L**UNCHEON becomes a ceremony. Yours is the royalty of ease in a time-less world...Hawaii. You look across the table. Beyond the green of bay, beyond the coral reef, in the bluest ocean the horizon drops to shut off the commonplace world you know too well... You toy with the last bit of fresh golden pineapple...

Through half-closed eyes you let the beauty of the scene play with memory. Other ceremonies stroll past. The "Aloha" dinner the last night on the liner that brought you over. *Hawaii's charm was on that boat.* Luncheon on the lanai of the Hilo Yacht Club. In contrast, another luncheon of poi, fresh coconut and mangoes with a native family. That "luau"—native feast—"pig and poi

in paradise."

Hawaii's hours drift past...Hula girl. A circlet of white carnations on one brown ankle. Hulas of legends, of princes and queens. Maybe of the prince who went to meet his loved one down where the waves crossed. Hawaii, ever young, full of spirit, has always loved and laughed. Yet Hawaii knows well the meaning of "hanamalie"—the spirit of taking life easy.

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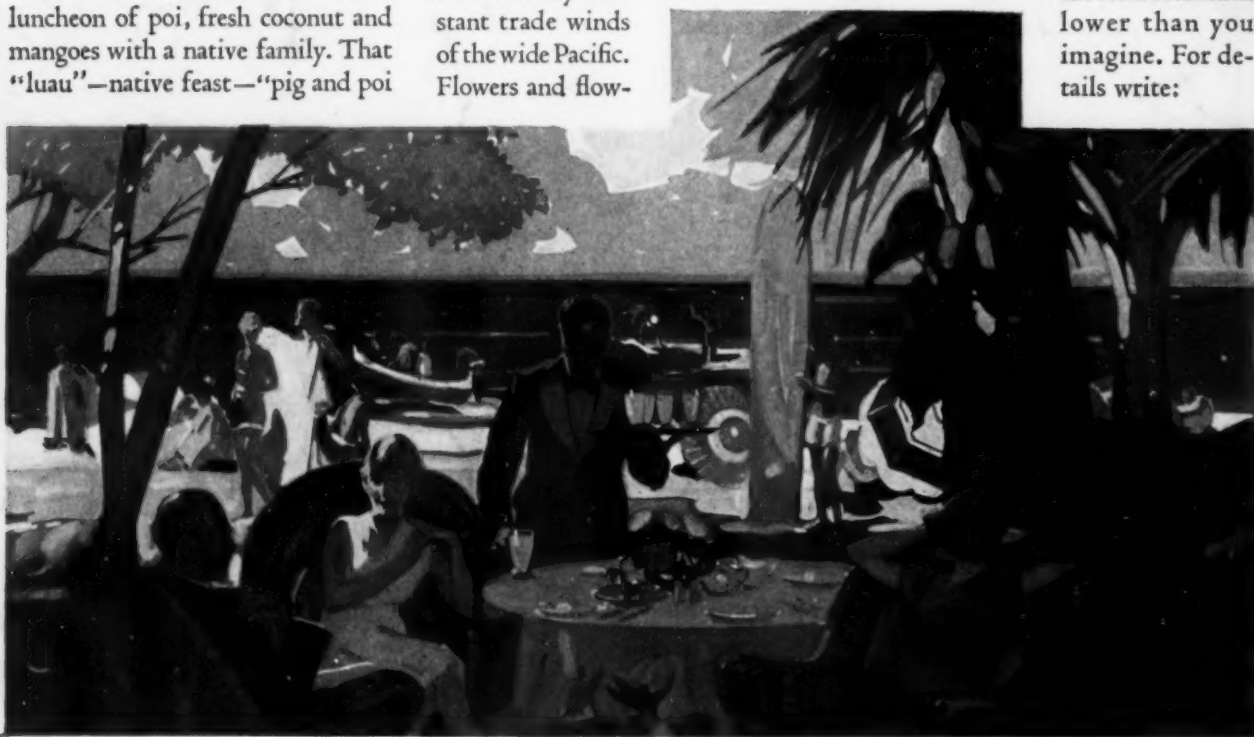
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